

The History of

And our induction full of prosperous hope.
Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, & Cousin *Glendower*, wil you sit downe?
 And Vncle *Worcester*; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Map.
Glen. No, heere it is; sit cousin *Percy*, sit, good cousin *Hotspur*;
 for by that name, as often as *Lancaster* doth speake of you, his
 cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sigh hee wisheth you in
 Heauen.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower*
 spoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my natiuity,
 The front of Heauen was full of fiery shapes
 Of burning Crestlers: and at my birth,
 The frame and foundation of the Earth
 Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why, so it would haue done at the same season, if your
 mothers Cat had but kited, though your selfe had neuer been
 borne.

Glen. I say, the Earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind.

If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glen. the Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble:

Hot. Oh, then the Earth shooke to see the Heauens on fire,
 And not in feare of your Natiuity:

Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes forth
 In strange eruptions, and the teeming Earth
 Is with a kind of Collicke pincht and vext,
 By the imprisoning of vnruely Winde
 Within her wombe, which for enlargem ent struiuing,
 Shakes the old beldame Earth, and topples downe
 Steeples, and mosse-growne Towers. At your Birth
 Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperature,
 In passion shooke.

Glen. Cousin, of many men
 I doe not beare these crossings: giue me leaue
 To tell you once againe, that at my birth,
 The front of Heauen was full of fiery shapes,
 The Goates ran from the Mountaines; and the Heardes
 Were strangely clamorons to the frighted Fields,

These

Henry the Fourth.

These signes haue markt me extraordinary,
 And all the courses of my life doe shew,
 I am not in the roll of common men:
 Where is the liuing, clipe in with the Sea,
 That chides the Bankes of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Wales*,
 Which calls me pupill, or hath read to me,
 And bring him out that is but Womans sennae,
 Can trace me in the tedious way of *Art*,
 And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hot. I thinke there's no man speakes better *Welsh*,
 Ile to dinner.

Mor. Peace, cousin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glen. I can call Spirits from the vasty deepe.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man:

But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glen. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command the Diuell.

Hot. And I can teach thee, cousin, to shame the Diuell
 By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Diuell.

If thou haue power to raise him, bring him hither,
 And ile be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence.

Oh while you liue, tell truth, and shame the Diuell.

Mor. Come, come: no more of this vnprofitable chat.

Glen. Three times hath *Henry Bullingrooke* made head
 Against my power, thrice from the bankes of *Wye*,
 And Sandy-bottomd *Seuerne* haue I sent him
 Bootlesse home, and weather-beaten backe.

Hot. Home without bootes, and in foule weather too?
 How scapes he agues in the diuels name?

Glen. Come, here is the Map, shall we diuide our right,
 According to our threefold order tane?

Mor. The *Archdeacon* hath deuided it
 Into three limits, very equally:
England from *Trent*, and *Seuerne* hitherto,
 By South and East, is to my part assignde,
 All Westward *Wales* beyond the *Seuerne* shore,
 And all the fertile land within that bound
 To *Owen Glendower*: and, deare Cuz, to you
 The remanant Northward, lying off from *Trent*,

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And